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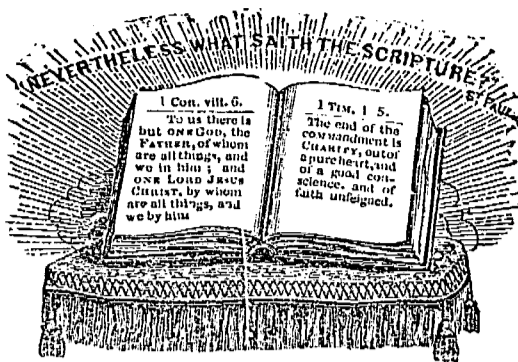
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TRUTH, HOLINESS,

LIBERTY, LOVE.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1846.

No. 7.

THE NAME AND CHARACTER OF CHRISTIAN.

[Abridged from the Monthly Miscellany.]

A Christian is a disciple of Jesus Christ,—one who acknowledges him to be his teacher and his guide, whom he is bound and resolved to follow and obey. It is plain, as the first and lowest view, that he who takes the Christian name, must refer himself, in some way, to Christ; else, the name is without meaning. But how refer himself to Christ? Clearly to his teaching, and his life; not to his birth,—not to his nature. To be a Christian, does not require that a man believe this or that in regard to the time or manner of Christ's birth, his exact relation to God, or distinction from man. These are matters of serious import, but they do not affect the right of being called or esteemed a Christian. If any proof were needed of this, it were enough to look at the world, and see the endless variety of opinion, and shades of difference on these points, not only among different sects, but with individuals of the same sect, to whom the name of Christian has not been, nor never will be, denied. For example, since actual names are with many, the best verifications, take leading men in the various branches of the Christian church, though they may be no higher or better than many others, less known. Take the Catholic, whose name stands for his church, Feuclo; the Protestant, who vehemently assailed that church, Luther; the Puritan, Robinson; the moderate Trinitarian, Doddridge, or Chalmers, of another grade, or Edwards, of yet another; the Quakers, Fox, and Penn; the Methodists, Wesley, and Whitfield, brothers, but not in doctrine; the Baptists, Robert Hall, Dr. Stillman, and President Manning, of the same church, but not entirely the same faith; Jeremy Taylor, of the English Episcopal church, and Bishop Griswold, of the American; Lardner, and Emyln, of the English Unitarians; or Buckminster and Channing, of the same church in America. Who would venture,—who would wish to withhold from any of these, the name of Christian? Yet who would engage to write out their differences of opinion, in regard even to the Master, whose common name they bear? So of many members of any one communion, who could be named, if necessary, departed and living, distant and in our own country, holding views of the relation of Christ to the Father, and other disputed doctrines, as widely different from each other, as are our views from those of other churches, or any one church from any other. Yet to these differing brethren all would cheerfully accord the Christian name.

Such admissions and facts ought to teach us something. They bring the question home to us,—why do we give a common name to those who hold such separate views of him whose name it is? And the answer is also brought home to us,—we give a common name, because of a common faith, and a consistent character.

The only ground which sustains a common faith among all Christians, yet a high and sufficient ground for the name itself, is that which has just been intimated—an acknowledgement of the relation of disciple to Christ. The known meaning of the word "disciple," and its just sense, is that of "learner," indicating, that Christ is taken as a teacher, whom we believe, and would obey. We believe in him; believe that he lived as is recorded in the Gospels, believe that he know and taught the truth, that he attested it by his life and death, and that we are bound to receive and follow it. This faith is common to Christians of every name. Its signification is common in the writings of the New Testament, and the use of the apostles. It is this that is meant, when we are there required, in general terms, to "believe in Christ." It is this, and no more, that was required of the early disciples for admission to baptism and communion in the church. It gives of itself, and of right, a title to the name of Christian. It is all that does give it to thousands of different denominations who have borne it. It is all that the apostles demanded, it is all that any has a

right to demand, in point of faith. Let any man declare, with the appearance of sincerity, that he receives Christ as a commissioned, an authorized, and a true teacher, whom he is bound to believe, and strives to follow,—most cordially will we take him by the hand as a Christian brother, and welcome him to Christian fellowship, whatever his name, his religious or philosophical peculiarities. So far as faith or profession goes, so far as recognition and communion are concerned, he is entitled to the name and privileges of a Christian, if his lips declare that he looks to Christ as his pattern, and his life do not contradict it.

Short of this we are unable to stop. If any one do not receive Christ, as, in any extraordinary sense, a teacher and guide, we see not why he should take, or we should give, the name of Christian. The name denotes something, merely as a name. To say that it denotes only a good man, or a sincere inquirer, or an honest professor of anything, is using language very loosely, besides the offence to Christianity. It is saying that a disciple of Moses, or a disciple of Mahomet, may mean a disciple of Christ. It is saying that of the good and true Christian, and so of the sincere Platonist, so indeed of the lowest Deist. But what is a Deist? He is one who believes in God, but rejects all special revelation, such as Christ professes to have brought. He either does not receive Christ at all, regarding him as a fiction, or he turns from him as an impostor, or he takes him at best as a good man, who uttered some truths, like Socrates, and made some discoveries, like Copernicus, and Newton. To call such a believer a Christian, is as wild as to call me a Mahometan; because, while I reject his authority and pretensions, I believe that Mahomet said some true and good things. This man is not a Christian. But it does not follow, and we do not say, that the man has no Christian temper or character. He may have both. He may be a better man than you or I. There is no question that there have been Jews, Mahometans, and Platonists, more consistent, more true in heart, more faithful to their light, and acceptable to God, than many in Christian lands, and some in Christian profession and fellowship. But they are Jews, Mahometans, and Platonists still. And to call them Christians, is as unmeaning, as to call Luther a Protestant, while he was a monk, or to make Socrates divine, because he lived and died well.

But after all, many may say, what is a name? I answer, it is everything, where a name is the very matter in question. It is of a name that we speak; and if it were nothing in itself, it would be nothing to give or withhold it. The feeling it awakens, the interest expressed, even by unbelievers, when the name of Christian is granted or refused, shows, that it has a value, and that that which it represents is desired. It is little to be called a Lutheran, or to be denied this, or any other human name. But to be called a Christian, or no Christian, is serious. The name stands for a faith, and the faith is of the utmost importance. Different degrees of faith are important. There are various classes of believers. As Christ is viewed in one or another aspect, Christianity has authority or has none, is special or general, natural or supernatural. And these are not immaterial differences. He who believes in Christ as a good man merely, stands in a different relation to him, and must have a different feeling from one who believes in him as an inspired teacher, and expressly commissioned messenger. They who think he uttered many truths, but was still fallible, cannot feel towards him, or listen to his instructions, as they who believe him unerring, and bow to his instructions, as to the voice of God. It is sometimes said, that this difference is no greater than that which exists between different denominations of Christians; that the Unitarian, for example, views Christ so differently from the Trinitarian, as to be denied the name of Christian by the latter, and yet we have always complained of this as bigotry and exclusion. Shall we not be guilty of the same, it is asked, if we exclude those who withhold from Christ all peculiar faith in his inspira-

tion or authority? Is not the difference one of degree merely? By no means. The doctrinal difference does not affect the question of authority, or commission, in the least. The Unitarian believes as firmly and as fully in the divine commission, and indisputable authority of Christ, as the Trinitarian. One believes Christ to be God; and the other believes him to be the Son of God; but so peculiarly his Son, so filled with his spirit, clothed with his authority, and attested by signs and wonders, which God did by him, that he is the very power of God, and wisdom of God, and all he says comes to us as the voice of God, claiming an equal faith and obedience, with that which is yielded by the believer in his supreme divinity. Very different the faith and feeling of him who accords to Christ nothing peculiar in mission, illumination, or authority. To him he is no more than Plato discoursing on the immortality of the soul, or Cicero writing upon the nature of the Gods. He may admire more the wisdom of Jesus, but he can rely no more on his truth or word; and it may be difficult to assign any better reason for calling him after Christ, than after Cicero or Plato.

The faith, then, that unites all Christians,—without which, men, however wise or excellent, are not Christians,—is faith in Christ as the Son of God, "whom the Father has sanctified, and sent into the world." It is faith in him, as the "brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" the "author and finisher of our faith;" "the power of God, and the wisdom of God." And this in no vague sense, such as would apply to any man and all men, who are true, but in a sense peculiar and superior to all other; one that gives to Christ a strictly divine mission, supernatural power, and unerring truth. So much as this, in clear and settled faith, we deem essential to the name of Christian. To the character of a Christian, much more is essential.

FREE INVESTIGATION.

To train the student to power of thought and utterance, let him be left, and still more encouraged, to free investigation. Without this, a theological institution becomes a prison to the intellect, and a nuisance to the church. The mind grows by free action. Confine it to beaten paths, prescribe to it the results in which all study must end, and you rob it of elasticity and life. It will never spread to its full dimensions. Teach the young man, that the instructions of others are designed to quicken, not supersede, his own activity; that he has a divine intellect, for which he is to answer to God; and that to surrender it to another, is to cast the crown from his head, and yield up his noblest birthright. Encourage him, in all great questions, to hear both sides, and to meet fairly the point of every hostile argument. Guard him against tampering with his own mind, against silencing its whispers and objections, that he may enjoy a favourite opinion undisturbed. Do not give him the shadow for the substance of freedom, by telling him to inquire, but prescribing to him the convictions at which he must stop. Better show him honestly his chains, than mock the slave with the show of liberty.

I know the objections to this course. It puts to hazard, we are told, the religious principles of the young. The objection is not without foundation; the danger is not unreal. But I know no method of forming a manly intellect, or a manly character, without danger. Peril is the element in which power is developed. Remove the youth from every hazard, keep him in leading-strings lest he should stray into forbidden paths, surround him with down lest he should be injured by a fall, shield him from wind and storms, and you doom him to perpetual infancy. All liberty is perilous, as the despot truly affirms; but who would therefore seek shelter under a despot's throne? Freedom of will is almost a tremendous gift; but still a free agent, with all his capacity of crime, is infinitely more interesting and noble than the most harmonious and beautiful machine. Freedom is the nurse of intellectual and moral vigour. Better expose the mind to error, than rob it of hardihood and individuality. Keep not the destined

teacher of mankind from the perilous field, where the battle between Truth and Falsehood is fought. Let him grapple with difficulty, sophistry, and error. Truth is a conquest, and no man holds her so fast as he who has won her by conflict.—*Dr. Channing.*

LIFE'S CONSOLATION IN VIEW OF DEATH.

It is the love of God only that can produce a just sense of his love to us. It is only a deep sense of his love to us, that can assuage the wounds of our affliction. This results from the very nature of things. It is not a technical dogma, but a living and practical truth. It is not a truth, merely, for certain persons called Christians, who are supposed to understand this language; but it is a truth for all men. We suffer under the government of God. It is his will that has appointed to us change, trial, bereavement, sorrow, death. The dispensation, therefore, will be coloured to us throughout—it will be darkened or brightened all over, by our views of its great Ordainer. Ah! it is a doubt here—it is some distrust or difficulty, or want of vital faith on this point, that often adds the bitterest sting to human affliction. When all is well with us, we can say that God is good, and think that we have some love to him; but when the blow of calamity or of death falls upon our dearest possession—strikes down innocent childhood or lovely youth, or the needed maturity of all human virtue, or source of all earthly help and comfort—strikes from our side that which we could least of all spare—oh! it seems to us a cruel, cruel blow: and we say, perhaps, in our distracted thoughts, "Is God good, to inflict it upon us? He—oh! he could have saved, and he did not; he would not. Why would he not? Does he love us, and yet afflict us so? yet crush us, break us down, and blight all our hopes? Is this a loving dispensation?"

My friends, there is but one remedy for all this,—the love—the love—the true, pure, childlike love of God: such love and trust as Jesus felt—even as he, the smitten, afflicted, cast down, betrayed, crucified; who was urged, in the extremity of his sorrow, to say, "Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me"; yet immediately added, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." This is our example. This is our only salvation. Nothing but this love of God can yield us comfort. If there is no ground for this, then there is no place for consolation in the universe. There may be enduring, there may be forgetting; but there can be no consolation. If there is ground for this love and trust, who in the day of trouble will not pray God to breathe it into his broken heart?

I have said that doubt, distrust, want of faith, is our difficulty. But I do not mean that we seriously and deliberately doubt the goodness of God. How can we doubt? How can the Infinite Being be anything but good? What motive, what reason, what possibility, I had almost said, can there be to Infinite power, Infinite sufficiency, to be anything but good? How can we—except it be in the momentary paroxysm of grief—how, I say, can we doubt? How doubt—beneath these shining heavens—amidst the riches, the plenitude, the brightness, and beauty, of the whole creation—with capacities of thought, of improvement, of happiness in ourselves that almost transcend expression—nay, and with sorrows too, that proclaim the loss of objects so inexpressibly dear? Whence, but from love in God, could have come a love in us so intense, so transporting, so full of joy and blessedness—nay, and so full too of pain and anguish? No! such a love in me assures me that it had its origin in love. Could the Being who made me intelligent, have been himself without intelligence? Nor could the Being want love, who has made us so to love—so to sorrow for what I love. By my very sorrows, then, I know that God loves me—I say not whether with approbation, but with an infinite kindness, an infinite pity. What I need is, but to feel it—to pray for that feeling—to meditate upon all that should bring that feeling into my heart—to take refuge amidst my sorrows, in the assurance that God loves me,

that he does not willingly grieve or afflict me, that he chastens me for my profiting, that he could not show so much love for me, by leaving me unchastened, untried, undisciplined. "We have had fathers of our flesh who chastened us—put us to tasks, trials, griefs—and we gave them reverence—felt, amidst all, they were good. Shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of our spirits, and live?" Great is the faith that must save us. It is a faith in the Infinite,—a faith in the Infinite love of God!

From this faith arises another ground of consolation. It is, not only that all is well; but that in the great order of things, that which particularly concerns us—enters into our peculiar suffering—is well. Our case, perhaps, is bereavement—heavy and sorrowful bereavement. Is it a messenger of wrath? Is any one of its circumstances, of its peculiarities—so poignant and piercing to us—an indication of divine anger? Awful thought! Unmitigable calamity, if it were so! But no; it is appointed in love. Can God do anything for anger's sake? To me, it were not God, of whom this could be said. Let it be, that a *bad* man has died. Has God made him die, because he hated him? I believe it not. If he has lost his being, I believe that it is well that he has lost it. If he has gone to retribution, I believe it is well that he has gone to that retribution,—that nothing could be better for him being what it is. If I were that unhappy being, I would say, "Let me be in the hands of the infinitely good God, rather than anywhere else." But if it is a good being that has gone from me, an innocent child, or one clothed with every lovely virtue—one whom Jesus loved as he loved the dear brother in Bethany—to what joys unspeakable has that being gone! In the bosom of God—in the bosom of infinite love—all with him is well. Could that departed one speak to us—that lovely and loving one, invested with the radiance and surrounded with the bliss of some heavenly land—would not the language be, "Mourn not for me, or mourn not as having no hope. Dishonour not the good and blessed One, my Father and your Father, by any distrust or doubt. Mourn for me—remember me, as I too remember you—long for you—but mourn with humble patience and calm sustaining faith."

Sorrow we may, we must; many and bitter pains must we bear in this mortal lot; Jesus wept over such pains, and we may weep over them; but let us be wise—let us be trustful—let the love of God fill our hearts—let the heavenly consolation help us all that it can. It can help us much. It is not mere breath of words, to say that God is good, that all is right, all is well; all that concerns us is the care of Infinite Love. It is not a mere religious common-place to say, that submission, trust, love, can help us. More than eye ever saw, or the ear ever heard, or the worldly heart ever conceived, can a deep, humble, childlike, loving piety, bring help and comfort in the hours of mortal sorrow and bitterness. Believest thou this? This was our Saviour's question to Martha, in her distress. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die. Believest thou this?" This humble, this heart-believing, my friends, is what we need—must have—must seek. The breathing of the life of Jesus in us—the bright cloud around us, in which he walked—this can comfort us beyond all that we know—all that we imagine. May we find that comfort! Forlorn, forsaken—or deprived, destitute—or bereaved, broken-hearted—whatever be our strait or sorrow—may we find that comfort!

AFFLICTION—AN ALLEGORY.

"O God, spare my child!" were the words of an affectionate and almost idolizing mother, as she bent over the side of her dying child. The little sufferer, unconscious of its situation, was in a burning fever. The sands of life were fast running out, and the darting pains seemed well nigh to rend the spirit from the body. The pious moan pierced the heart of the fond mother, and drove her, as the last resort, to the throne of grace, where she poured out her soul in prayer that her darling might be spared.

Nor was the cry unheeded. She heard a voice, saying, "Child of earth! since thou art unwilling to trust thine offspring's destiny in the hands of thy heavenly Father, thy prayer is answered. His fate is in thy hands. Whether he live or die, is for thee to decide."

A momentary thrill of joy rushed through the mother's heart, at these words; but it was only momentary. She felt the reproof. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "how shall I decide the fate of my child? Should he recover, perhaps he will prove a bitter curse to me hereafter, and he may bring down my gray hairs to the grave. But how can I see him die, when it is in my power to save his life? O, that I had left his fate with him who gave him to me!" Filled with remorse for her unwise and undutiful conduct, she again betook herself to prayer, beseeching her heavenly Father to remove from her so fearful a responsibility.

Again her prayer was heard and answered: "O, rash child! why didst thou repine at thy lot? Couldst thou look into futurity, and behold thy child in the years of manhood? Or couldst thine eye pierce the vale of eternity, and behold the scenes that awaits him there? Why, then, didst thou not, like a confiding child, submit to the will of thy Father, knowing that he will do only that which is for thy good? Thou hast prayed to be delivered from this responsibility; thy prayer is answered. Go, and learn from this never to repine at the allotments of Providence."

The child died; and as the mother took her last look, and then resigned him to the grave, she meekly adopted the language of one who had drunk deep of the bitter cup of affliction,—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

Men do not often nor easily place themselves in the situation of others; least of all, of their opponents. The dominant sect of a country little know to what they subject an individual, when they cut him off from so many of the sympathies of the social world around him. To a man who has spent his youth in severe and wasting studies, with the honourable and ardent hope of being useful and acceptable to his fellow-men, who, with patient enquiries and earnest prayers, has sought for truth; who, in deep and solitary meditations, has sought for the pure fountain of all generous and holy influences where-with he might nourish and quicken the piety of others—to such a one it is hard to meet with no welcome in the countenance and manners of society; nay, to meet with suspicion and hostility where he looked for welcome, to be summoned to strife, where he desired peace and amity, to be brought to the bar as an accused person, when he hoped to be hailed as a messenger of glad tidings. And he feels—the honest and affectionate advocate of religion feels, that he has glad tidings to communicate. His heart is ready to kindle with his theme; he would spread before mankind the venerable and lovely perfections of God: he would call and win them to piety, and virtue, and glory; he would gladly cherish the tenderness, and love, and charity that belong to a mission so sacred and merciful; and how is his heart smitten within him, to reflect that all these sentiments and affections are denied to him, that he is looked upon as engaged in a bad work, that multitudes regard his doctrine, and preaching, and person, with aversion or horror! Besides, that must be a bad mind, indeed, to which contention is not in itself painful. Who does not feel sometimes tempted to leave the world to its controversies, to leave the opposing sects to fight it out among themselves, if they will,—to withdraw from the visible ranks of all religious denominations, and to take his way, alone and peacefully, to the grave, where all these strifes are so soon to be composed? Who that feels how many are the necessary trials of life, how becoming are sympathy, and pity, and forbearance, in such a world as this, how great is the moral work which he and every man has to do, and how solemn is the destiny of eternity: who, I say, feeling all this, does not grow sick at the thoughts of contending with his brethren in ignorance, and frailty, and affliction, his brethren in the great errand and end of life, his brethren in the solemn account of an hereafter?

I confess, that under the influence of these considerations, I am sometimes ready to shrink from what I do nevertheless conceive to be the duty of contending earnestly for those principles, which I hold to be the faith once delivered to the saints. So far as I might consult the first feelings and impulses natural to me as a citizen, a friend, a social man, I should sedulously avoid it. I should choose to pass in society without attracting any attention to my religious belief. I should reserve the comfort and joy of religious fellowship for my intercourse with those who would meet me in the affection and confidence of that fellowship. I would endeavour so to enjoy that privilege, as not to have the reflection forced upon me, that I am surrounded by suspicious and strifes, or by benevolent, though as I think mistaken, anxieties and regrets.

If, then, I address any who have a strong aversion to controversial discussions, I may safely affirm that I feel it not less than they. I have a good mind, at times, to sweep from my table every controversial book, tract, publication, Review, and Newspaper, and henceforth to know nothing, and to care nothing about them—to know nothing and to care for nothing but religion as a general subject of contemplation, and a guide and comfort of life. There is no honour nor comfort to be reaped from these contests; and to the honourable, the liberal, the better and more sacred feelings of the mind, they are attended with no little danger. I said, no comfort. There is the satisfaction, indeed, arising from the discharge of what is believed to be a duty; and that, I trust, is the consideration that, with me, settles the question.

This must be the repose of faithful and honest minds, engaged in controversy with those whom they would vainly regard as brethren and friends.

YOUNG FEMALES.

The increasing privileges which an illumination has conferred upon our sex, exceedingly heighten their responsibilities. Formerly, to be "faithful over a few things" was all that their limited sphere required; now they are both qualified and expected to be made "rulers over many things." The treasures of their own minds are revealed to them, and they are summoned forth as laborers in the wide field of benevolence. The temple of science is no longer inaccessible to the foot of woman. From its pavilion, whence with Moslem jealousy she was for ages excluded, a voice addresses her, "Enter in and live." Of treasures which had been from ancient times accumulating, yet strictly sealed from her eye, she is invited to partake. It remains to be proved in what manner this invitation will be received—its admission valued. Will she loiter at the threshold of this magnificent temple? Will she amuse herself in its courts by gathering its brief flowers that spring up where is no deepness of earth? Will she just enter the gate, and proclaim with the shrillness of vanity, her own initiation? her own proficiency in the mysteries of knowledge? Or will she press to the innermost shrine, among those true-hearted and meek-souled worshippers, whose candle goeth not out by night?

Young females, these interrogations are emphatically for you. With you it is the time of culture, the day of hope. Suffer not the allurements, the temptations of indolence, to prevent your oblation on the altar of wisdom. Come while the dews of the morning are fresh about you. The meridian sun may absorb your vigor, or find you toiling in different and more sterile fields. May you not be constrained to adopt the lamentation, "my own vineyard have I not kept." A time will come, should your days be prolonged, when life may seem like a twice told tale, when the present and the future disrobed of novelty, the mind will turn for enjoyment to the past. Lay then, a deep foundation, and collect a store of imperishable fruits for this season of retrospection. Convinced that "knowledge is power" seek it when it may be obtained, and so use it that all within the sphere of your influence, may be prompted by your example to the attainment of moral excellence, to the pursuit of "glory, honor, immortality and eternal life."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Christianity has two dangers to contend with. Some, by superadding unintelligible and incongruous ideas, would weaken, by obscuring it; and leave it little else than a purposeless and tormenting puzzle. Others, by depriving it of everything properly supernatural, would equally, or more fatally, assail it, by resolving it into a system merely human, yet full of enigmatic and inexplicable circumstances.—With neither of these can we be satisfied. To the former we would say, Give us a religion in which, as reasonable men, we can believe. To the latter we would say, Give us a religion in which, as weak and fallible men, we can confide. The Gospel invites to stand upon a rock: we would not, with either of you, be tempted to substitute a cloud.

I consoled myself with the reflection, that from every wrong a greater right must grow; that there is an ebb and flood tide in the great ocean of mutable opinion, and in the social condition springing therefrom; and that awakened humanity never retrogrades, but to bound forward with redoubled vigour.—*Zschokke.*

SELF CONTROL.—Let no one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying into action; for, what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.—A blacksmith once complained to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money, he could not pay his rent. The merchant asked how much run he used in his family in the course of a day. Upon his answering the question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his run amounted to more in a year than his house rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic, that he signed the pledge, and determined to buy and drink no spirits of any kind. The next year he paid his rent and bought a suit of clothes, out of the saving of his temperance. He persisted in it through life, and the consequence was, competence and respectability.

Those creeds are best which keep the very words of Scripture; and that faith is best, which hath greatest simplicity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

The proclamation of war passes sentence of death on thousands of our innocent fellow creatures.—*Channing.*

The Bible Christian.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1846.

THE TRINITARIAN CONTROVERSY.

The first and fundamental difference between the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, is to be found in their views of the Deity. While the former asserts that God is one, and one only, the latter asserts that although God is one, yet that he is "three in one," or "trine."

When the Unitarian theologian proceeds to establish his system, his first business is to prove from reason and scripture that the Deity is one, and one only. And this is what he always does.

When the Trinitarian theologian proceeds to establish his system, his first business is to prove from reason and scripture,—or by whatever evidence he thinks fit to produce, that in the one Deity there are three persons, co-equal in power and glory, &c. But this is very seldom done.

This, we say, is very seldom done. The Trinitarian, generally seizes some one point of doctrine in which he knows the popular feeling is strongly interested, and having established this to his satisfaction, he rests in confidence as if his task were completed.

The point thus seized on is almost invariably "the Supreme Deity of Christ." When this is proved it is thought the Unitarian is vanquished.

But does it never occur to the controversialist himself, or to the public, that in admitting there is only One God, and the proving the Supreme Deity of our Lord Jesus Christ, it is but establishing Unitarianism in another form, viz.: the Unity of the Deity, and making our Lord Jesus Christ the one Supreme God. Thus excluding the Father and the Holy Spirit—the first and third persons of the alleged Trinity—from the God-head.

There is occasionally some notice bestowed upon the Holy Spirit, with the view of establishing the distinct personality and separate Deity thereof. But, if we might judge from the time and attention usually devoted to this subject, it is regarded as of much less importance than the other.

It may be alleged by the Trinitarian, that there is no occasion to enter on any proof of the Supreme Deity of the Father, since that is admitted by the Unitarian. But will the Trinitarian accept the Deity of the Father in the sense maintained by the Unitarian? The latter asserts the *sole Deity*—the *unrivaled Supremacy*—of the Father. Will the Trinitarian receive this doctrine? If he does, he abandons his Trinitarianism, and becomes a Unitarian.

If he does not receive the Unitarian doctrine of the sole Deity of the Father, then he has no right to avail himself of the benefit of an admission which was never made. For the Unitarian never admitted the Deity of the Father in the sense the Trinitarian puts upon it—that is, in conjunction with *two other persons*.

It is incumbent on the Trinitarian theologian then whenever he proceeds to establish his trine theory of the Deity, in opposition to the Unitarian system, to commence properly at the beginning, and advance systematically onwards until he reaches the completion of his task. His work comprises four distinct steps or processes of argument. 1. He has to prove the Father to be Supreme God. 2. He has to prove the Son to be Supreme God. 3. He has to prove the Holy Spirit to be Supreme God. 4. And he has then to show how these three constitute only one Supreme God. This is the task which he is fairly called on to fulfil. And to whatever extent he fails or falls short of this, to the same extent must his work be regarded as unsatisfactory and incomplete by the candid and intelligent enquirer.

THE LOGIC OF THE BIGOT.

TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The fifteenth annual meeting of this Society was held yesterday at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was but very thinly attended, the few who were present being of the fair sex, with the exception of the gentlemen on the platform, where John Labouchere, Esq., presided.

The Rev. Mr. KESSEY, in moving the adoption of the report, expressed his regret that the meeting was attended by so few; but, if they were few, they represented truly the real Protestant feeling, a sound belief in the three persons of the Trinity, and the divine origin of the Bible. In this respect he was sorry to say the British and Foreign Bible Society differed from them; and in that degree of difference, in his opinion, was therefore less worthy of support from a Protestant people than this institution. The British and Foreign Bible Society neither opened their meetings with prayer, nor asserted the divine source of the Bible, merely contenting themselves with declaring that it was a good book for the people to read; and it was notorious that they admitted Socinians to join and subscribe to their body, although that class openly denied their belief in the Divinity of Christ. He did not fear, notwithstanding present appearances, that this society would in the end prosper, as the truth ever must.

The foregoing item of intelligence is taken from the *London Daily News* of 23d of May last. The notable institution to which it refers, was set on foot some fifteen or sixteen years ago, with the view of excluding Unitarians from aiding in the circulation of the Scriptures. The British and Foreign Bible Society, it appears, are guilty of a capital offence in admitting any of the proscribed class to join or subscribe to their body. According to the logic of the bigot, if Unitarian money is used in the purchase of the Bible, or Unitarian hands are employed in its distribution, its doctrines and influence must in some mysterious way be corrupted and deteriorated. We say in some mysterious way, for since the Sacred Volume is circulated without note or comment, it would not be easy to show any legitimate connexion between the premises and the conclusion—it would not be easy to show that, because the Bible is purchased with the shilling of a Unitarian, or touched by his hand, it must therefore be changed in the character of its contents, and become a less sacred and valuable book.

We are not so much surprised, however, that zealous Trinitarians should consider it necessary to accompany their distribution of the Bible with a distinct declaration of the doctrine of the Trinity; for, most assuredly, there is no such declaration in the Sacred Volume itself. But if this be not a note, it is surely a comment. Moreover in making such a declaration it looks very much as if they were afraid the people should not readily perceive it themselves. It looks very like an attempt to prop up a feeble and falling dogma. We think it would be much better, and look more consistent to allow the Bible to impress its own doctrines on the intelligent and well disposed reader.

The title of the Society carries rather an ambiguous meaning. It is intended, we presume, to indicate that it consists of persons exclusively of the Trinitarian faith, associated for promoting the circulation of the Bible. But, it may signify likewise, that it is a Society whose object is to distribute a particular description of Bible, viz. a Trinitarian Bible, which to our apprehension would be a literary and theological curiosity.

If we may judge of the condition of the Trinitarian Bible Society, from the numbers which appeared to take an interest in its last annual meeting, it is a mere skeleton shadow. But the Rev. Gentleman who moved the adoption of the Report had hope, that "notwithstanding present appearances, the Society would prosper in the end. We cannot avoid indulging the wish, that with his present measure of hope, he may speedily combine a more comprehensive charity."

PEACE ADDRESSES.

It is generally known, that, during the existence of the late apprehension of war between Great Britain and the United States, various Addresses on the subject of Peace were interchanged by certain portions of the people of both countries. Among others, there was one from "Ministers of the Gospel in Great Britain and Ireland, worshipping 'One God, the Father,' to the Ministers of the same faith with themselves, in the United States of America." This was written in an excellent spirit, fraternal and affectionate, and expressive of their strong abhorrence of war, and their ardent desire for the continuance of peace as one of the first principles of the Gospel.

There was likewise an Address from the "Manchester District of Sunday School Teachers assembled at Dukensfield, England, to the Sunday School Teachers of the United States,"—to which our friends of the

"Teachers' Social Union" in Boston, made the following reply:—

Christian Friends and Fellow-Labourers.—We received your olive-leaf, bearing to our hearts the welcome peace of the Redeemer's kingdom. We sincerely thank you for your message of love; and although your appeal was not exclusively addressed to us, we feel irresistibly impelled to respond, representing as we do nearly twenty Sunday-Schools, of our denomination, in this city.

We are anxious to believe that the heart of every Sunday-School teacher in our Republic will respond warmly to your noble, Christian sentiments. We have taught our children, that war is repugnant to the letter and spirit of the Gospel; that it begins in passion, is carried on in anger, and ends in ruin. How sad to track its path round the world by its foot-prints of fire and blood! We feel that God has no attribute that can take sides with Christians while they are killing one another. Especially do we deplore a sanguinary battle between members of the same family, descendants of the same ancestors, advocates of the same principles, disciples of the same Saviour, and expectants of the same heaven.

We have fondly hoped (and we will hope on still) that your country and ours may march hand in hand, at the head of the Christian regeneration of the 19th century, and to show to all nations, that as our holy religion has produced an era of light, it can also produce an era of love, and that it should thus fuse all nations into one great heavenly brotherhood.

We have hoped that the children we are now educating in our Sunday-schools would rejoice to join those under your care in advancing science and literature, liberty and religion, in the world; and that while an ocean separated their bodies, their hearts might be united in hushing that blissful reign of the Redeemer, when swords shall be beaten into plough-shares, and spears into pruning-hooks,—when the kingdoms of this world shall become one kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and nations shall learn war no more.

Let us encourage one another in our high and holy work. Let us persevere in teaching our children that the kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost; and let us show by our conduct, that when Christ dwells in the heart of his disciples they will love their enemies, and be at peace with all men.

Christian friends, God speed you in your work of love.

Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.

We are your friends in the labours and hopes of the gospel,

CHARLES BROOKS, }
R. C. WATKINSON, } Committee.
LEWIS G. PRAY.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL, BOSTON.

Annual Floral Procession.

Amongst the many enterprises in which our Boston friends are engaged for the elevation and improvement of humanity, none seems to be more earnestly conducted, or more successful in its results, than that connected with the Warren Street Chapel. This institution is under the superintendence of the Rev. Chas. F. Bernard, one of the Ministers at Large, and is devoted more especially to the training of the young. In connection with it, is a Sewing School, the object of which is to give the children of the less favored classes an opportunity for learning to sew. In this school, 150 pupils, of the average age of ten years, have been enrolled. There are likewise Evening Schools in operation, where reading, writing and arithmetic are taught, for the benefit of those who are "too much occupied by the means of gaining a livelihood to permit their attendance at the Day Schools of the city." Belonging to these evening Schools are 343 pupils of both sexes. Mr. Barnard conducts regular Sabbath Services in the chapel, and these are specially adapted to the capacity of the young. His congregation is one of children. We need scarcely add that well conducted and flourishing Sunday Schools are also carried on. The following account of the condition of the Sunday School, is taken from Mr. B.'s last Annual Report:—

"The Sunday-School continues to enjoy the advantages presented by our large and convenient building, and is distributed in six different apartments. The first is the infant school, containing one hundred girls and eighty-eight boys, or one hundred and eighty-eight in all, with a good average attendance, in view of their age, which is from two or three to seven or eight years. A lady of great experience and eminent ability is their superintendent and instructor, with an occasional assistant. She passes three hours with them on Sunday morning, conducting their school and their own special service, with a recess between. In the afternoon, she devotes an hour and a half to them in school, after which they join the other children in the chapel service. The next room contains ninety-two girls, from seven to eleven years of age, with an average attendance of sixty-five, under the care of one lady as superintendent, with nine lady-teachers. There remains, upon this side, a fourth room of twenty-five young ladies under the invaluable instruction of the able superintendent of the Sewing School. The boys over the age of the infant department, assemble in the attic story, to the number of one hundred and three, with an average attendance of seventy-five or eighty, under the

oversight of one gentleman, with four ladies and five gentlemen as teachers. The last room is that of twenty-five young men, with my brother to meet them. I continue general superintendent of the school. The whole number of pupils is two hundred and eighteen males, two hundred and eighty-six females, or five hundred and four in all, with thirty-five ladies and gentlemen as teachers or superintendents."

The expenses of the Institution are met by voluntary subscriptions, donations, &c. A Floral Procession takes place every year, when the children of the Schools appear in procession to make sale of flowers which have been presented to them from various sources, for the benefit of the chapel. We once had the pleasure of witnessing one of these beautiful and innocent pageants. We have not yet been informed how much was realized by that which took place this year, but we find that by the annual flower sale of the past year, nearly 600 dollars remained for the benefit of the Institution, after paying all the attendant expenses.

The following account of the Floral Procession of this year—is taken from the *Boston Christian World*:—

THE FLORAL PROCESSION IN BOSTON.

We have seen fuller, longer, more brilliant processions—political processions, which have impressed us with their immense power; temperance processions, whose moral bearing has reconciled us even to the sight of women in their ranks—but never before have we seen so beautiful a procession as the Floral one on the Fourth of July.

As it wound along in the distance, through the expectant and admiring spectators, it seemed one of the gay pageants which we associate with the marriage of olden times, which attended the bridal party, as on an oblong palfreys it proceeded to and from the church, and thence to the manor-house. As the procession drew nearer, and the little personages who formed the moving tableaux made their appearance, it seemed as if the fairies were having an unusual holiday, and were making a procession within city walls, to show to unaccustomed eyes their treasury of flowers.

It was a grand movement of flowers. All the children were wreathed and garlanded profusely, with these nature's fragrant jewelry. Nothing was to be seen but flowers around hats and wrists, and uncovered hair, in hands, on poles; even the wagons were wreathed, and the patient horses bridled with evergreen.

The prettiest part of the show were the scenes from Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. These were presented in successive alleys, which were ornamented with flowers, fruit, or icicles, according to the season, and with appropriate mottoes, such as, "Spring's gay promise," "When Winter howleth," &c.

First came Spring, and we saw a little farmer, in flock, felt hat, and boots drawn over trousers, just ready with his plough to turn the soil, and plant the seed.

Next following came Summer. A little girl was seated on the hay-stack, which a boy hay-maker had just gathered with his rake. The haymakers were abundantly supplied with flowers, as summer was in its prime.

Then came Autumn, the alcove crowned with a basket of fruit, and encircled with a grape-vine, whose withered leaves spoke forcibly of the dying year. And here were the harvesters,—the girl with her apron full of the ripe grain, and the boy with a sickle in his hand, and a full sheaf of corn at his side.

After an interval, as if unwilling to show his grim aspect, appeared chill Winter. Here we had would-be snow, and artificial icicles (which last looked real enough even to suit children), and leafless shrubs. The boy who represented the old woodman, had the long white hair and the buckled breeches of old age; he stood ready with his axe to cut some wood, wherewith to make a fire and warm himself. The old woman in scarlet cloak had taken off her mittens to gather faggots.

Between Autumn and Winter came a large harp, near which was a little child, who seemed placed there to play upon it the harmony of the seasons. Then a vast cornucopia. After Winter, came poles, from which were suspended glittering purses, bags, and baskets; a rustic moss bucket full of feathery grasses, and light-stands of donations from New York. These were followed by large wagons, loaded with children and flowers.

The procession halted at the Public Garden, where there was a sale for the benefit of the Warren-Street Chapel. Whatever doubts we may have of the moral profitableness of fairs, as regards the spurious charity of those who give their money for some equivalent, many of them vanish as we regard this annual Floral sale. One of its most pleasurable features should be the healthy activity which it may awaken in the children, whom we hope are not mere automatons in this matter, but active participators; perhaps cultivating garden plants, or gathering wild-flowers, as the trembling columbine, on many a breezy hill, and in many a sunny glade.

LONDON ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association took place on Wednesday, the 3d June, in the Essex street Chapel. It commenced by a religious service, the Anniversary Sermon being preached by the Rev. J. G. Robbins, of Manchester. Immediately after the service the chair was taken by J. B. Estlin, Esq. The Report of the Treasurer and of the Executive Commit-

tee were highly satisfactory and encouraging. The *London Inquirer* gives a detailed account of the proceedings of the meeting, which were of an unusually interesting description.

After the meeting, about three hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. The great room was tastefully decorated with flowers, &c. C. Paget, Esq., J.P., filled the Chair.

"The meeting," says the *Inquirer*, "was a most agreeable, interesting, and improving one; an admirable spirit prevailed. The speeches were excellent and effective, the matter most valuable, the mode of uttering it eloquent and impressive, and there was a freshness about the whole, and a freedom from formality, which was invigorating and gratifying."

The present aspect of the Unitarian cause is cheering. There is a fine field open for exertion; may we each be ready to do our part, and cordially unite in the grand work of religious reformation, without illiberality towards others, or showing any fear of fair and free inquiry?

The Twelfth Annual Meeting and Public Breakfast of the Sunday School Association was held on the 4th June, J. W. Dowson, Esq., was called to the chair. The Rev. W. Vidler, the Secretary, read the treasurer's account, and the committee's report for the past year. From which it appeared that there had been an increase in the Society's funds, that several valuable books had been published, that the cause of Sunday School education was attracting increased attention within our denomination in all parts of the Country, several new schools have been established, and old ones recognised and made more efficient, and that out of 132 schools from which reports have been received, by far the largest number of them were in a flourishing condition.

The annual meeting of the Christian Tract Society was held at Carter-Lane Chapel, on the afternoon of the 4th June. The sphere of this society's usefulness has been increased during the past year, and the future presents a cheering prospect.

The General Baptist Assembly, (Unitarian,) and the General Baptist Juvenile Society (Unitarian,) held interesting meetings on the 1st and 2nd June.

OPENING OF A NEW CHAPEL, AT BRANLEY, YORKSHIRE.

The room, which will hold four hundred to five hundred persons, is built on a plot of land which we bought when in the New Connection for £300, on which we intended to build a Chapel; but when my brother was expelled from that body for his religious opinions, the whole of the society here left, and we have since been an independent church. Our former room not being a very suitable place, we concluded to build a new one, which was opened for the worship of the only true God on Sunday, April 26th, 1816. Matthew Riley preached in the morning; Rev. Charles Wicksteed, minister of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, in the afternoon; and Dr. F. R. Lees, in the evening. The room was crowded to excess afternoon and evening, and the truths advanced were well received; and the people left the room highly pleased.

On Sunday, May 3rd, Mr. J. Mill, the Leeds Domestic Missionary, preached in the morning; in the afternoon, we had a love-feast, which gave an excellent opportunity to a great number of persons, who had come from a distance, to relate their religious experience, and it was truly gratifying to hear their different statements respecting their former state of mind, and their present religious views and feelings. They expressed themselves as having been perplexed and bewildered with Calvinism and Methodism; for years they could see neither form nor beauty in Christianity, as represented by orthodox preachers and writers; but, as soon as they met with Joseph Barker's Tracts, and Channing's works, they saw religion in a new light; it appeared beautiful; they embraced it, and reduced it to practice in their lives—they felt interested in its spread; they learnt more from these works in a few months, than they had learnt in all their lives before; and they were pleased to find themselves, all on a sudden, introduced into a new region of light and purity, and joy, where they could see something lovely, beautiful, and interesting, both in God their heavenly Father, and in that system of religion which he made known by his son Jesus-Christ.—*Corres. Lon. Inquirer.*

We observe that our Unitarian brethren in Great Britain are discussing the expediency of introducing a uniform Liturgy into their churches. Forms of prayer, adapted to their views of worship and of religious doctrine, are already in use in many of the Unitarian churches.—*Boston Rel. Magazine.*

NOTICE.

THE HOURS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP in the Unitarian Church of this City, are—ELEVEN o'clock, A.M. and HALF-PAST SEVEN, P.M.—Seats are provided for Strangers.

Portry.

From the *Newry Examiner* (Ireland).

THE THREE PREACHERS.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Each with eloquence and power :
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite ;
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice,
And a Bigot's fiery scorn :—
" Backwards, ye presumptuous nations :
Man to misery is born !
Born to drudge, and sweat, and suffer—
Born to labor, and to pray :
Priests and Kings are God's Vicegerents,
Man must worship and obey.
Backwards, ye presumptuous nations—
Back !—be humble and obey !"

The second is a milder preacher ;
Soft he talks as if he sung :
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from the tongue,
With an air of self-content,
High he lifts his fair white hands :—
" Stand ye still, ye restless nations ;
And be happy, all ye lands !
Earth was made by One Almighty,
And to meddle is to mar ;
Change is rash, and ever was so ;
We are happy as we are ;
Stand ye still, ye restless nations,
And be happy as ye are."

Mightier is the younger preacher ;
Genius flashes from his eyes ;
And the crowds who hear his voice,
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall.—
" Forward, ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all !—
Man was made for heartfelt effort ;
Tyranny has crushed him long :
He shall march from good to better,
Nor be patient under wrong !
Forward ! ye awakened nations,
And do battle with the wrong."

" Standing still is childish folly ;
Going backward is a crime ;—
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure ;
Onward ! keep the march of time ;
Onward while a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right ;
While Oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might ;
While an error clouds the reason ;
While a sorrow gnaws the heart ;
While a slave awaits his freedom,
Action is the wise man's part—
Forward ! ye awakened nations !
Action is the people's part."

" Onward ! there are ills to conquer,—
Ils that on yourselves you've brought ;
There is wisdom to discern,
There is temperance to learn,
And enfranchisement for thought.
Hopeless Poverty and Toil
May be conquered, if you try ;
Vice, and Wretchedness, and Famine
Give Beneficence the lie.
Onward ! onward ! and subdue them !
Root them out ; their day has passed :
Goodness is alone immortal ;
Evil was not made to last.
Forward, ye awakened people,
And your sorrow shall not last."

And the preaching of this preacher
Stirs the pulses of the world.
Tyranny has curbed its pride ;
Errors that were deified
Into darkness have been hurl'd ;
Slavery and Liberty,
And the Wrong and Right have met,
To decide their ancient quarrel.
Onward ! preacher ; onward yet !
There are pens to tell your progress,
There are eyes that pine to read,
There are hearts that burn to aid you,
There are arms in hour of need.
Onward, preacher ! Onward, nations !—
Will must ripen into Deed.

THE RELATION OF CHRISTIANITY TO STATE POLITICS.

At the last Anniversary Meeting of the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, Geo. S. Hillard, Esq., of Boston, rose and said :

" Mr. President,—I purpose to speak upon some topics rather suggested by the resolutions than directly embraced by the terms of any one of them. The moral and religious world presents different aspects, according to the point of view from which it is contemplated. As I am a layman and a lawyer, I am led to look more at the conduct of Christians than their creeds. Christianity is made up of doctrines and precepts. Respecting the former, there are and always will be diversities of opinion among men, and these diversities are independent of the will. Respecting the latter, there can be no substantial difference among men of sound minds. Many may differ widely, for instance, as to the essential nature of Christ, his relation to God and to the human soul ; but there can be no doubt as to the inestimable value of the rules of conduct which he prescribed. These rules are sufficient for the guidance of man in every possible relation in which he may be placed. Their application was first limited to individuals. In the early ages of the church, there were men and women whose lives were crowned and embellished with all the Christian virtues ; but these were bright points in the general moral darkness. It was long before Christianity began to be felt in masses, societies, and communities. Its progress has been always from the smaller to the larger circles of humanity. At this moment, whatever honourably distinguishes this age from those that have gone before it—the movements in favour of peace, temperance, and prison discipline, the provision made for poverty and insanity, reforms in criminal law, the interest felt by the more favoured in the less favoured classes—are all the slowly-gained triumphs of Christianity over the natural hardness and selfishness of the human heart.

The most comprehensive relation is that which man sustains to the State. For this, the last and highest triumph of Christianity is reserved. When this is accomplished, Christianity and politics will be identical. That we are far, very far from this standard, will not be denied. The conduct of nations, especially in their external relations, falls below, not merely the Christian standard of duty, but even below that which may be drawn from the writings of virtuous pagans, such as Confucius or Plato. They seem as yet to be wholly swayed by the selfish passions of the natural man. To prove this, I need not go back to former times, nor yet cross over to another hemisphere. I can find proofs and illustrations in rank profusion, upon our own soil. And here you will indulge me in some plainness of speech, doing me the justice to believe that my point of view is not that of a party politician.

We have been for some time, and are now, in interesting and critical relations with two States, England and Mexico. Our dispute with England turns upon a question of territory ; of more or less land. Now the Christian rule or sentiment expressed by the words " In honour preferring one another," would suffice to settle such a question in twenty-four hours. Yet in the debates of Congress on this subject, what elevated Christian sentiment has been uttered ? who has ventured to suggest that some respect was due to the precepts of Jesus of Nazareth, in international relations ? On the contrary, we have heard sometimes sentiments of the most odious ferocity, and sometimes of the most sordid rapacity. We have heard men avowing sometimes the motives of pirates and sometimes those of pedlars, but never those of Christian statesmen and legislators. Of course, I do not say that all the debates were of so low a tone, but I do say that the highest tone of sentiment uttered was not high enough.

Then look at Mexico, and how we have stood, and are standing, towards her. I am not going to unfold the record of our shame. It would be a long tale, and a sad one. I contend that our course towards Mexico is not warranted even by that inferior and selfish code which is laid down by writers on public law, and it is as far below the Christian standard as the earth is below the heavens. We have happily blended therein the robber, the tyrant, and the bully. Yet is there any public man that gives utterance to a sentiment of Christian reprobation of our conduct ? Is there any one who sounds out with a voice of power the noble word, duty, in the ears of our people ? In a moment, Congress votes millions of money to carry on this wicked and most unchristian war ; but how slowly does a measure which has for its object the diffusion of truth among men, toil and lag through that body ? With how feeble and languid a grasp does it seize upon their attention ! How often are its friends doomed to disappointment and defeat ! How cold and sluggish are the movements of our virtues ! how vivid and intense those of our passions ! The one is the feeble pecking of the dove ; the other, the fierce rending of the eagle.

I am told that there is a portion of the public press which openly proclaims and exacts that no public man dares oppose this war because of the obloquy and political proscription which followed the opponents of the last war with England. If this be true, (" O shame, where is thy blush ?") on what feeble reeds and trembling butshes does the fabric of our national glory rest !

I call upon the moral and religious portion of our community to rebuke the detestable sentiment that our country is to be supported, whether right or wrong. Would that the breath of a true and calm courage could be breathed into our public men, that they might lift themselves above the shows and shadows that are around them, and take council of considerations above and beyond " the flight of time." Man's essential dignity is derived only from those elements which are unseen and eternal. What is his mortal life ? A brief spark, glowing for a moment, and soon swallowed up in the jaws of darkness. But this " our bank and shoal of time" is over-arched and encompassed by majestic and eternal truths which, from afar, pour round our darkling path the light of heaven. To see a man unconscious of these mighty spiritual realities, and swayed only by those motives which are of the perishing brood of earth, anxious about this man's smile and that man's vote, smitten by dread of popular obloquy, paralyzed by the miserable fear of a miserable press, is a mournful spectacle. A sadder sight the earth can hardly show. I am struck with the low tone of moral sentiment among our politicians and public men. Intellectually speaking, they may be superior to the people at large, their constituents ; but in a moral point of view, they are inferior. We are better than our rulers. The race of public men is sadly degenerated. We must introduce a nobler stock. I wish to see men in office who will turn towards the tyranny of a majority the same resolute countenance with which Paul met the embodied majesty of Rome at Cesarea, and so reasoned of " righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," that Felix trembled ; who will meet the roar of popular madness with the calm soul of George Fox, who records of himself, that when placed in the dock to be tried as a felon, the spirit of the Lord so came upon him, that when he arose the judge and jury became as dead men under his feet ; who will see a scoffing, hissing majority as so many dead men under their feet, if the path of duty should be through them and over them.

I would hold up no visionary and fantastic standard of conduct. I have no respect for what Milton calls a " fugitive and cloistered virtue." The work of the world must be done, and a morbid and over-sensitive conscience, which only doubts and dreams, is hardly to be commended, certainly not to be imitated. I would strengthen my positions by the great authority of Mr. Burke, whose golden pen dropped truth and wisdom in its most careless movements. In one of his recently-published letters, he says, " the principles of true politics are merely those of morality enlarged." And where are the purest principles of morality to be found ? I need not answer, in the New Testament.

The great problem for the Christian world now to accomplish is to effect a closer union between religion and politics. They have too long been estranged and at variance. There is a sort of division of labour in society, which is anything but satisfactory or encouraging. We have one class of men to carry on government, another to transact the common business of life, and another to do our religion and our morality. Hence, our wise men are not good, and our good men are not wise. I make this as a general remark, subject, of course, to exceptions and qualifications. The wise men of our country are not spiritually minded. They are engaged in the pursuit of wealth, of professional and political success ; they are developing the industrial resources of the country, and adding to its material wealth. The ends they pursue are not high, but they shew an admirable sagacity in the means they use to accomplish them. On the other hand, the good men are not conspicuous for wisdom or sagacity. They pursue high aims, but do not choose the best means. Their goodness is visionary, unpractical, and fanatical. They awaken the scarce-suppressed contempt of the hard, shrewd, sagacious man of the world. These latter hardly pay them the compliment of sincerity. They do not go to them if they want advice in any doubtful matter,—as the investment of property, the purchase of an estate, the marriage of a son or daughter. We instinctively associate eminent goodness with want of force of character, and feebleness of intellectual fibre. Thus the children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light. We give our poor tithes to heaven, while the world, the flesh, and the devil, exact the other nine parts of our efforts, our energies, and our thoughts.

Brethren, this is a fearful mistake ; and fearfully shall we answer it, if it be not amended. Let it ever be borne in mind that the foundations of material prosperity are

moral, and that there can be no soundness in the body politic, unless the principles of Christian morality flow and circulate through it, like the blood in the natural body. If we leave the moral and religious interests of the country in the hands of clergymen, of women, and of a few visionary and fanatical laymen ; if the shrewdness and sagacity of the country are to be absorbed in the accumulation of property ; if the politics of the country are given over to reckless demagogues, venal office-seekers, and unprincipled editors ; our wealth and material prosperity will rest upon foundations as uncertain as those of a palace built upon the crater of a volcano. The politics of the country,—using that word in its most comprehensive sense—are matters of deep concern to all of us. We cannot dodge them aside, and let them pass if we would ; and we ought not to do so, if we could. They include our highest temporal interests ; they form the frame-work which encloses and gives support to all the rest. We must elevate and exalt them. We must entrust the work of government to cleaner hands and purer hearts. We must rebuke the doctrine, whether directly maintained or indirectly sanctioned, that the morality of the gospel is too fine for use. We must bring about a union between wisdom and goodness. We must dedicate the most vigorous faculties of man to the highest ends. We must enlist the passions in the cause of truth and virtue. We must make men do good and be good with that energy and intensity they now pursue wealth or political distinction, or make love, or seek revenge. We must have men to rule over us who will " hate the cowardice of doing wrong."

My thoughts are haunted with the vision of a Christian Commonwealth, in which every man, whatever be his function or office, shall feel himself to be an anointed priest of the Lord, and infuse into his daily life the spirit of purity and devotion ; in which the different sections of the Christian world shall lay aside their theological wrangling, and enter into a noble strife to see who shall most resemble in life and spirit him after whose name they are called ; in which the severed fragments of Christ's garment shall be woven again into a web of wholeness and beauty. Then the earth will become a temple, and the roar and hum of daily life will go up like a chorus of praise and thanksgiving. Brethren, is this a dream, and no more ? Are the tares ever to grow in the field of the lord ? Are the faint and bleeding hosts of truth never to forego their warring conflict, and are the meek never to inherit the land that is promised them ? The end is afar, and cannot be discovered. Some see it gilded with hope, and some darkened with gloom. But motives to effort are to be drawn from sources over which the changing moods of our own mind have no power. The past we cannot recal ; the future we cannot command ; the " fleet angel" of the present we can seize and hold. The passing hour we can crowd with heroic action and generous sacrifice. Brethren, the night cometh, in which no man can work : let us so live and work while it is day, that we may lie down to our repose with no unavailing regrets, no stings of self-reproach."

EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.—Such is the infirmity of men's minds, that if it were not for one perfect example, we might almost have doubted the possibility of that complete harmony of opposite qualities in the character, for which I have contended. But in Him, who is set forth as pattern, prince, and lord in the moral creation, there was nothing wanting, and there was nothing in excess. There was no conflict, no clashing in the qualities of his perfect character. I say not that he was grave, but cheerful. I conceive of a more perfect union. He was grave and cheerful at the same moment, and in the same act. The thought, the affection, the act of the soul, that was serious, that very act was cheerful. This was the tenor, the habit, the harmony, of his perfect mind. Perfect in himself, patient with others ; sublime in purpose, simple in manners ; superior to all, the servant of all ; he dwelt among his disciples as Master, Teacher, Counsellor, Companion, Friend. Courageous to meet opposition, meek to endure injury ; immovable in his design, gentle in the fulfilment of it ; glorious, as the Son of God,—humble, as the Son of Man ; he walked among the degraded, the blaspheming, the captious, and the hostile, to blame, yet to pity them ; to resist, yet to raise them ; to sacrifice to them his life, to overcome them by his death. He was not courageous at one time, and meek at another ; but his very courage was meek ; his very inflexibility was gentle ; his very glory and loftiness was that of an humble and filial reverence to his Father. Wonderful Being ! worthy to be the Saviour of men ! When shall the world understand thee ? when shall it admire, love, follow thee, as it ought ? Christian ! this is your perfection—far off from us, as yet, but it is for this that you must strive.